Pantomime

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Pantomime

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DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

IF ANYONE ever was trained to fulfill a destiny, that man is Douglas Fairbanks. Today, perhaps, the world's most brilliantly successful romantic actor of the motion picture drama—the man who has made "Three Muskateers" leap out of its pages into a classic of real action—was reared along ideal lines to attain his great eminence. And remarkably enough, the preparation began long before such a thing as the screen art had become a fact.

As "Doug" himself has said to the writer, "I was brought up to do the ordinary things of life in the most graceful and expert manner. That fitted me for what I have become."

Fairbanks, in short, was coached for a career as an actor. Son of a sagacious and also idealistic New York lawyer who was an admirer, friend and student of the stage and of the people on it, Douglas was given every opportunity to grow up accomplished in the arts, sciences, athletics and deportment. Born ii Denver, where his father went to live in connection with mining affairs, the boy was given a schooling that had French, dancing, fencing and other culture added to it. He liked it. He throve on it. He was practically a 100 per cent. possibility when, at the age of seventeen, he went to New York, and there, meeting an old friend of the family, Frederick Ward, was invited by him to join his Shakspearian repertoire company.

That was the beginning of actual experience, experience which grew without a setback. Mentally and physically and intrinsically fit, he entered stage life instead of Princeton (which he had actually planned to do) and in a few years was a Broadway favorite and box-office star, the youngest male luminary of first rank in the country.

Not until they had attained some dignity did Fairbanks rush into motion pictures; not until after a real masterpiece had been produced—"The Birth of a Nation." Then he saw that here was the medium of drama of the future. His first picture was "The Lamb." His personality, already recognized in stage plays like "Frenzied Finance," "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," and Officer 666," seemed to intensify under the camera. His film progress is known to the most youthful fan—starting "humbly" at $2,500 a week he is today the magnate of actor-managers with easily a two-million dollar bread-winner in his "The Three Muskateers." With few exceptions every picture in which he was fatured seemed better than the one before. His success has been due to an intimate combination of dramatic fire, enthusiasm, agility, strength, good looks, health, optimism and just plain horse sense. Every film-goer knows and warms under his gleaming, spontaneous smile.

Douglas Fairbanks will never be seen in any sub-calibre pictures again. Tremendous productions, and no other kind, will claim him. He is one of the four giants of the film art and curiously enough is allied in business with the three others—Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith. And yet the man is still young, forever modest, a cordial handshaker, and a light-hearted sort who will let you hold his platinum watch while he walks on his hands.

Editorial Offices, Suite 914 World Bldg., New York.
Victor C. Olmsted. *Editor-in-Chief.*

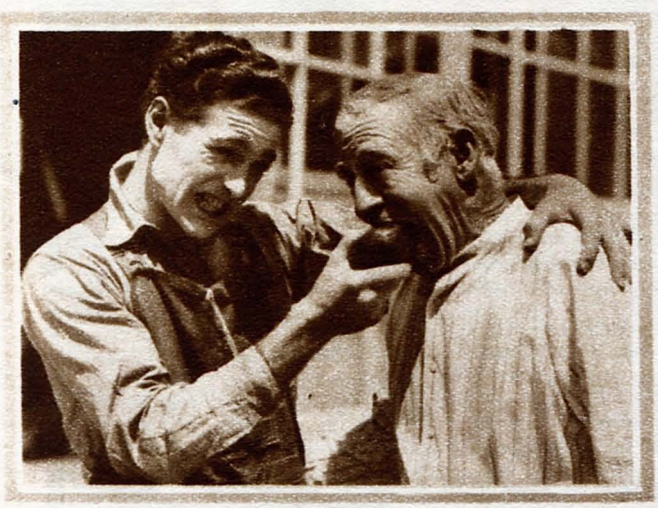
How They Play

For years and years they've told us that golf was an old man's game —a slow and wearisome affair for the rejuvenation of dyspeptic stomachs and ancient frazzled nerves.

But now we know it isn't true, for here's Marie Prevost, new Universal star and erstwhile Sennett bathing darling, caught in the act of swinging a mean driver. And we know, among other things, that Marie is neither ancient nor dyspeptic nor nervous. Not too nervous.

Here's another authentic argument in favor of that famous ejaculation: "Lucky Dog." Introducing Mike, with his mistress, the not-hard-to-look-at Miriam Cooper. Mike is being talked to, as the upraised finger of Miss Cooper indicates, but it doesn't prevent him from registering joy in wholesale quantities.

Once a circus man always a circus man, seems to go with Eddie Polo, popular Universal serial star, who is staging a one-ring circus on location in the Southern California desert. Eddie is an ex-circus man and he just can't help showing off, even in the middle of a desert. These two members of Eddie's cast are not to be confounded with the dumbells he ordinarily exercises with.



If it is true that a large mouth denotes generosity, it's a wonder that Monti Collins, the veteran character actor, has a shirt left to his back. For he boasts the largest mouth on or off the motion picture screen, and here's Cullen Landis, young Goldwyn leading man, satisfying his curiosity as to that contention. No Southern California ostrich has anything on Monti when it comes to the disposal of food.

"But my foot isn't that long!" says Mary Alden, one of the Goldwyn players, to her director. He is evidently suggesting that she attach herself to the skiis and go out and have a snow party with herself. She seems to be dubious of results in general, and is giving the matter a mental debate. The picture was made while her company was in the Northwest in one of those always-popular knock-down-and-drag-out tales.

The Story of My Life

By Wanda Hawley

(Continued from last week)

I WANT it understood that I was always an ardent picture "fan." It was my favorite form of diversion, and I saw every good picture I could find time for. You see, my secret ambition was to sing *roles* in grand opera, and I knew I must learn all I could about acting. Norma Talmadge was my favorite actress, at that time, and I fairly drank in her emotional work.

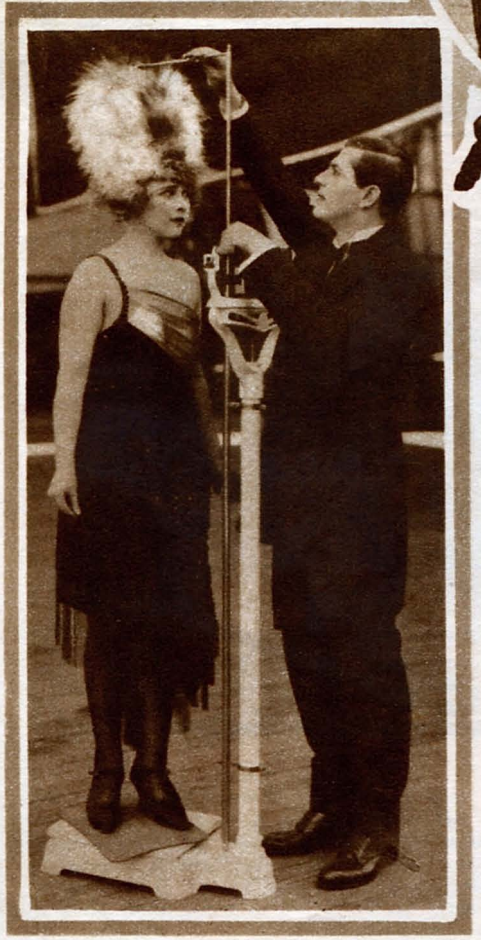
But I just couldn't see myself on the "silent" stage, or screen. I was anything but serious. For one thing, I was sent home from school for giggling oftener than anyone else in my class. I think "funnybones" stuck out all over me, and any chance word or action was likely to touch one, and set me off. I guess I was what the teachers call irrepressible.

There's another thing I remember which impressed me as strange, although I understand it better now. I never could "speak a piece" in school without breaking down—into laughter, not tears. I'd start out firmly enough:

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me (titter, titter)
And let there be no moaning of the bar
When I (giggle, giggle) put out to sea." (Tish-h-h-h!)

But put me in a play; give me a role and let me become a more or less real person, and I could forget all about myself and the audience, and give a creditable performance.

By that time I was playing the pipe-organ in church, and accompaniments at recitals. Although I had had no vocal instructions I sang a good deal in public. I was often drafted for entertainments. For a while, I sang every Sunday at services on the "brig," which is to the "gob" what the guardhouse is to "Buddy" in camp. And I have never had more appreciative audiences than I found on the prison ship out in the harbor.



My only schoolmate, so far as I know, who has achieved the sort of prominence which brings one's name before the public, is Emma Lindsay-Squier, who writes for the magazines and has published a great many stories and sketches. I remember how we all envied Emma her "gorgeous" brown curls! My other classmates, I hope, have made successes in their various ways—for there are many kinds of success, and it is not at all synonymous with fame.

I graduated from high school at sixteen. Then I went to the University of Washington, taking English and Latin in addition to my specialty of music. I also gave instruction in music while I was attending the "U." I enjoyed very much my work at college, and look back upon it as one of the most pleasant times of my life. The same year I finished high school I joined the Ladies' Musical Club of Seattle. Then I began to have some systematic instruction in singing—the foundation, at any rate. Oh, how I loved it! What foundations I laid for castles, not only in Spain, but in France, Italy, and New York, and every other musical and operatic centre, where I should be "the great soprano."

Meanwhile I took what came to hand and made the best of it. To relieve the routine of recitals and accompaniments, I fulfilled an engagement with a Chatauqua organization. Of course, I did most of this, my first "professional engagement" in and not very far from Seattle, as, at my tender age of seventeen, my parents did not care to have me get far from home.

Then, some of my friends, among the teachers in the Ladies' Musical Club sprang a surprise on me. They told me that they were prepared to recommend me to the Master School of Music in Brooklyn, New York. This, you know, is an auxiliary to the Metropolitan Opera School of Music—the first rung of the ladder reaching to an operatic career. I felt that my misty dreams were beginning to take form and substance. I was the happiest girl West!

New York! And a girl eighteen who had never been there! New York, with all its opportunities for culture and improvement, its superlative music, its wonderful shops and galleries.

(To be continued in next issue)

Living on Location

DURING the making of almost every motion picture there comes a time when the call-board at the studio reads, "Location work to-morrow!" or words to that effect. Then follows a list of the lucky players who have to report the next day with the proper equipment for a trip to the mountains, desert or seashore, or whichever place the scenario of the picture in which the players are working calls for.

As may be imagined, the location notices are rather eagerly looked for, as a trip of that kind is always a sort of a vacation for the studio-weary actors and actresses. It means tiresome traveling, hard work and, sometimes, poor eating and sleeping accomodations, but the reward is a break in the nerve-wracking, blinding glare of the studio's Klieglights. It also means a healthy, few days living in the fresh air, where one gets up in the morning full of life, and with an enormous appetite..

When large companies go on location it is necessary to engage a large transport of wagons and automobile trucks to carry the tents, cook stoves, etc., but the general rule for location parties is just the principals in the picture, with perhaps two or three extras. When such is the case the principals almost always cook their own meals, and it would surprise a number of doubting movie fans the way some of the female—and male—stars really can cook. Not fancy meals, but good wholesome food.

Wallace Reid is one of the many stars who refuse to carry a retinue when on location. The genial Wally almost always carries his own cooking utensils with him and when meal time comes he starts a fire, brings orth a few rying pans and goes to it. And Wally claims he likes to do it for he sayss that when a person cooks his own food he appreciates it more. Furthermore, individually-cooked meals always seem to taste so much beter then the ones that are just handed to you ready to be eaten.

Quite often a company will go on location without making arrangements for food supplies, pinning their faith upon guns or fishing rods as being the means of filling the "aching void."

When Robert G. Vignola, prominent director, took his company making "The Woman God Changed" to the Bahama Islands for most of the important scenes in that production, he took possession of a deserted island and, with his company, practically liver there for almost two weeks. Sleeping accommodations were those of the same kind that were in the picture, and were built by themselves. The only sign of civilization on the whole island was a tiny mountain of tin cans which had formerly held fruits and vegetables. Just before mealtime the whole company would quit work, get out their fishing tackle and good-naturedly see who could land the biggest fish in the shortest time. Mr. Vignola, who is an ardent advocate of the great outdoors, taught the players so many different ways of boiling and frying fish that not one of them complained of the continual fish diet.

But perhaps the most valuable, all-around outdoors man in the motion picture industry is William S. "Big Bill" Hart. Big Bill's friends claim that you could turn him loose in the woods, or mountains, with only a knife and he could live indefinitely. But one thing is certain—Big Bill *can cook*!

Not so long ago Big Bill took a party of city folks out on a location trip and the aforementioned city folks thought they were in for a horrible time. But after their first meal in the open they changed their minds and when nightfall came and Bill showed them how to make up a bed of dry leaves—well, Big Bill had the time of his life trying to make them get up the next morning.

How They Get Their Start

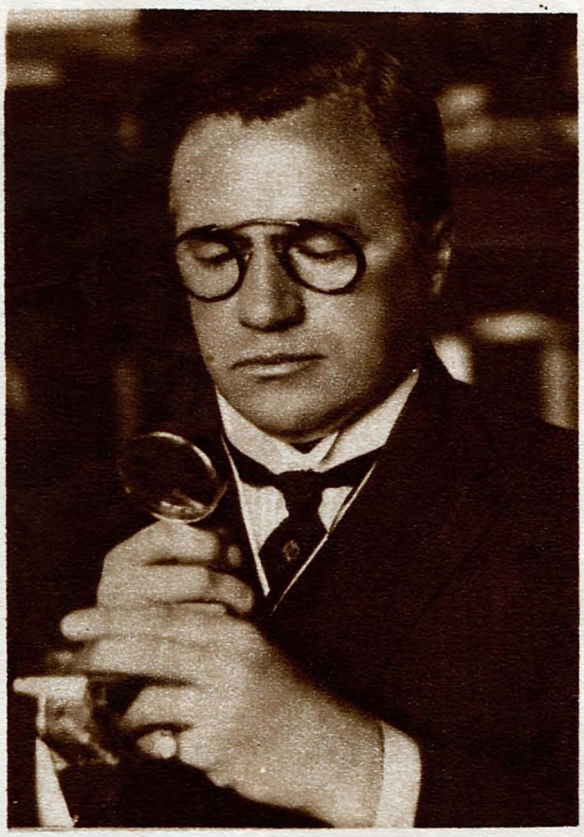
Albert E. Smith
President of Vitagraph

A little lesson in synonyms:
Motion pictures, Albert E. Smith
Albert E. Smith, Motion pictures

THE name of the man and the name of the great art-industry are virtually synonymous, for motion pictures wouldn't be where they are today if it weren't for Albert E. Smith. And, by the same token, Albert E. Smith wouldn't be where he is today were it not for motion pictures.

The president of the Vitagraph company has grown up with pictures and pictures have experienced some orgies of growing pains under the keen eyes and intelligence of Mr. Smith. To a great degree, the history of pictures in the United States and, indirectly, Europe, is the history of his business career.

Vitagraph's president should know all about pictures, for he has had connection with every phase of the industry. He has been an exhibitor—having been one of the first men in the world to operate a picture theatre—and he has been and is a producer and a distributor of photoplays. These are the three big phases of the industry — production, distribution, exhibition. So it's easy to be seen that Albert E. Smith *should* know what he's about in Shadowland.



The picture theatre of today is a fairyland, a wizard growth, in comparison to the "joints" in which pictures were shown in the industry's pioneer days. Mr. Smith used to show these fifty-foot horrors that, mechanically and otherwise, were a cross between a sick headache and an obsessive fear of damnation. He padded out his shows with stereopticon slides and those instruments of the modern inquisition, the illustrated songs. But he can be forgiven this chapter of horrors, inasmuch as his experiences as a pioneer exhibitor led him to strike out as a pioneer producer. This was a fortunate occurrence, because Mr. Smith's experience in the exhibitor field, primitive as it was, taught him many invaluable lessons in what *not* to do as a producer.

It was in 1899 that Mr. Smith gave the world a mild thrill by the production of the first news reel. This is certainly ancient lore, considering the youth of the picture industry. He pictured the triumphant return of Admiral Dewey's fleet after the memorable victory of Manila Bay. Fired by the success of this achievement, he perpetrated the first war picture, "The Battle of San Juan Hill," further glorifying the exploits of the roughriding persons.

Had 1904 been the jazz age of today, Mr. Smith might have remarked with charming dignity, "You ain't seen nothing yet," for it was in that year he produced the first animated comedy. One year later, in 1905, he made the first 1,000-foot reel, which has remained the standard measure to this day.

It took a world-startling catastrophe, a giant wrack of suffering and desolation, to bring Mr. Smith to his next step on the path of progress. This was the San Francisco fire in 1906. The forward-pressing Mr. Smith "scooped" the world with news pictures of this graphic panorama of pain. This was a startling step forward, and represents, probably, the true birth of the modern news reel, civilization's most graphic newspapers.

All these pioneering exploits did not satisfy the questing Mr. Smith, for in 1907 he produced the first three-reel feature, "Jean Valjean," a compact screen life of Victor Hugo's tremendous tragic hero. The three-reel feature led to the first five-reeler in history—"The Life of Moses"—also produced by Smith. This was produced in 1908. That marked the real beginning of the motion picture photoplay as it is known to the world's millions today. Out of Albert E. Smith's half reel, single reels, three-reelers and five-reelers was born the modern motion picture industry.

With all his activities of pioneering production, Mr. Smith still found time to invent many improvements on cameras, projecters, developing and printing machines, which all bear strongly on the progress of motion pictures.

He discovered and trained a large company of stars now before the screen; he has taken some of the world's greatest stories and made them live on the silver sheet; his story is a story of progress, a business romance of advance upon advance. There is something that draws the mind back to the days when worth and intelligence counted more than do gold and luck. Albert E. Smith is not a product of Wall Street; he is a man whose brain, vision, courage and foresight have accomplished that which gold, as money, could never have done.

There are many men whose names figure conspicuously in the list of motion picture producers today—names possibly better known to the general run of picture patrons—who have not one-fifth of the knowledge of pictures that the president of Vitagraph has. Quite a number of them know practically nothing about pictures, are absolutely ignorant of the tremendous amount of technical detail that concerns the making and marketing of the films their companies produce. Many of them represent the capital that makes the operation of their companies possible. A few of them seldom get to their offices more than once a week. Picture production is to them merely a matter of business.

But this not true of Albert E. Smith. It has been his life work. He gas "grown up with pictures." He knows everything that is to be known about pictures and their manufacture, and he is constantly engrossed in figuring improvements and inventions that will forward the artistic, rather than the commercial side of the industry. This means very much indeed to the motion pictures in the United States. There are too many producers merely concerned with making of pictures and too few of the Smith type, who wish to create rather than stack dollars. He is by no means concerned with "art for art's sake." Nor does he spell art with a capital A. He loves his work, and is forever striving to make better pictures—better both technically and artistically.

To him must be given a large share of credit for the advance of the motion picture, not only as an industry, but as a matter of technical production. His inventions and innovations have made possible, in a large degree, the productions that we know today. While he is not the father of motion pictures, he is a very close relative the motion picture, not only as an inudstry, but as a matter of tech-

Snapped Outside The Studio

With most people, having breakfast in the bed-room is a favorite indoor sport—but not with Director E. Mason Hopper whom we have here drinking a cup of java, eating some bread which seems to be smeared with jam—and studying script the while. E. Mason doesn't like it a bit. In the first place it isn't even his bed-room. It belongs to Richard Dix. Director E. Mason got up before breakfast to rout Dix out of bed, and start things going and Richard volunteered a bed-room bite while he was taking his shower.

"She's a jazz baby" says Ted Lewis, the Jazz King, as he demonstrates how he can make a saxaphone talk for Bebe Daniels. Meanwhile Bebe is doing the "wild-wave wiggle" a new step she invented herself. You'll notice Bebe has put on Ted's hat, and if we remember childhood rules correctly, that gives Ted the right to kiss her. Wish we knew how to play a saxaphone.

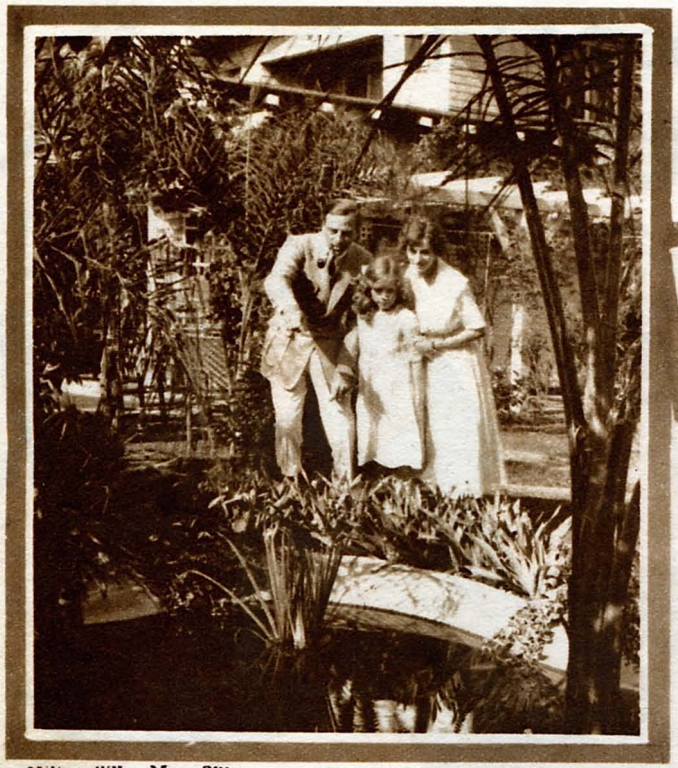
"Here Comes the Bride"—that is to say, a bride of the early "seventies." The scared-looking young woman with the Virginia Ham sleeves and evidently being choked nearly to death by her collar is—Yep! Mary Miles Minter. And the bridegroom who stands so gracefully at ease, and everything, is Milton Sills. Of course the cost of living was heaps cheaper back in the seventies, but looking this picture over, and considering everything, we believe it's worth the difference.

Douglas Fairbanks and Edward Knoblock are here shown looking up the record of D'Artagnan, in Alexander Dumas' story, "The Three Musketeers," recently released. Knoblock prepared the celluloid version, and the number of books scattered about prove it was no cinch job. Practically all the work on the film was done in the open air on the lawn of the Fairbanks home, where this picture was taken.

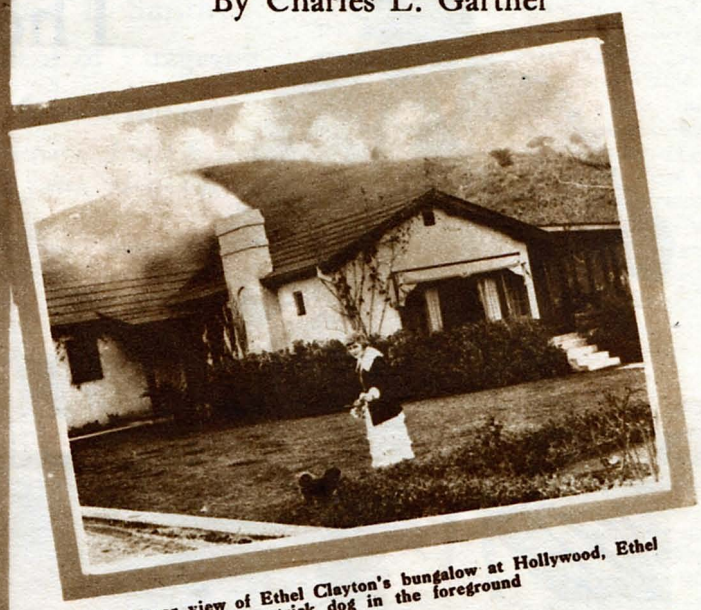
And whom have we here? Why, who else but Rupert Hughes, erstwhile author of best-selling novels, and now-a-days author of best-drawing movies. Seated to the right is his wife, and to the left is his daughter Avis. There is also a dog, but the only thing we can think of to say about him is that he is in mighty good company, for a dog. This picture was snapped in the garden of Mr. Hughes' California home. And authors used to starve to death!!!

Homes of Stars

By Charles L. Gartner



Milton Sills, Mrs. Sills, who before marriage was Gladys Wynne, a noted "legitimate" actress, and their eight-year-old daughter Dorothy, at the fountain in the garden back of their home.



A corner view of Ethel Clayton's bungalow at Hollywood, Ethel and her trick dog in the foreground

THE show places of Hollywood, California, are not, as generally supposed, the motion picture studios, but the homes of the movie stars living there.

When the sight-seeing bus goes through Hollywood, the man with the megaphone does not try to keep the rubber-neckers in suspense by saying, "We are now within a mile and a half of the Lasky Studio!" Or, "Keep your seats, folks! Only a few more blocks to the movie factory!"

You are more likely to hear, "On your left you see the home of Miss Ethel Clayton! Miss Clayton is noted as one of Hollywood's foremost collectors of curios and antiques. The floors of her home are covered with Persian rugs, white almost every shelf and corner contains some sort of bric-a-brac, or a queer-looking vase, picked up in California's curio shops and in different countries by Miss Clayton herself during her recent visit to foreign lands. The collection is worth thousands of dollars and is said to be the finest of its kind in California.

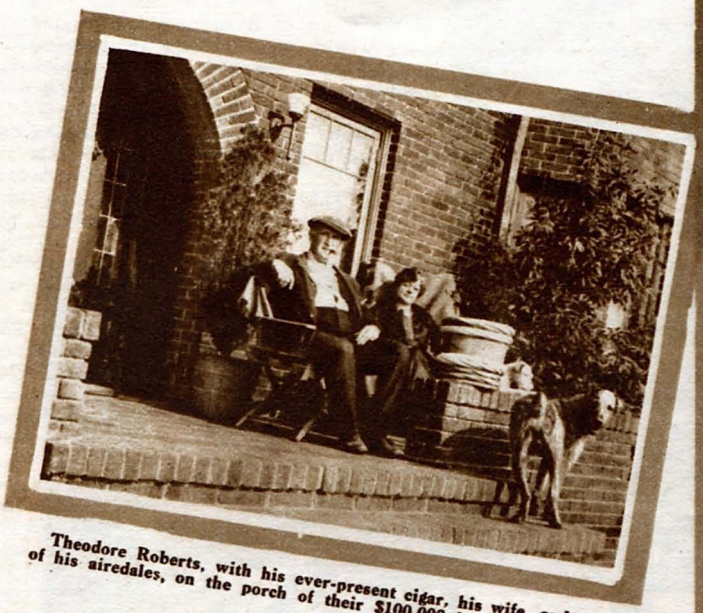
"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I wish to call your attention to that red-stone house farther down the street. As we approach this house I want you to particularly notice what looks like a chicken coop standing in the rear of the house. This coop contains a fortune in prize airedale pups, and the owner of the dogs, and the house, is Theodore Roberts. Mr. Roberts, the 'daddy' of the Lasky Studio, makes a specialty of raising blue-blooded airedales. Many of these valuable animals are owned by stars and millionaires throughout California.

"Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, who occupy the red-stone house we are now passing, are very conservative in the furnishing of their home. It is furnished in exactly the way you would expect it to be by a genial old couple. Strange to say, to the layman probably the most unusual feature of Mr. Roberts' home would be the garret. If an outsider were to visit this garret he would see about a dozen trunks filled with old theatrical costumes, for Mr. Roberts

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan in the breakfast room of their home

Lila Lee taking it easy in front of the fire-place in the library of her home.

"Inside Stuff"



Theodore Roberts, with his ever-present cigar, his wife, and one of his airedales, on the porch of their $100,000 home

Gloria Swanson in the private garden of her California home

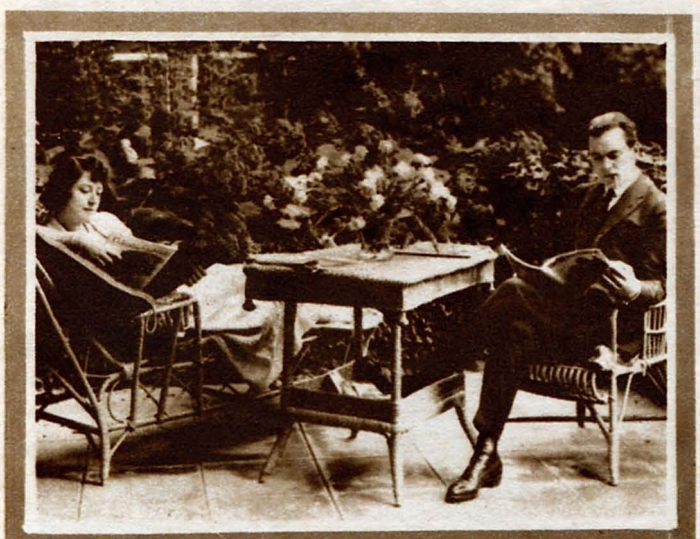
is the proud possessor of every character costume that he has worn in his stage and film plays.

"We are now approaching the modest home of Lila Lee. As Mr. Roberts is the 'daddy' of the Lasky Studio, so Miss Lee is the 'baby.' Miss Lee lives at her home with her sister Peggy. Peggy is the older of the two and sort of looks after Lila.

"The interior of their home is tastefully decorated, with signs of youth peeping from every corner of the house. Lila's favorite spot is a queer, Oriental-looking fire-place, and many a happy hour she has spent there lying midst an abundance of pillows reading books.

"Miss Lee is athletically inclined and, when not working at the studio in the day-time, can be seen playing tennis on the courts you see on the right of her house, or else taking long walks throughout the surrounding country.

"Right around the corner of the next street you will see the home of one of the most popular male stars of the day—Thomas Meighan! Tommy is noted for being the champion trans-continental commuter of the motion picture industry and between trips from coast to coast he lives here with his wife, formerly Frances Ring, a member of the famous Ring theatrical family.



Another view of the Thomas Meighan home. Thomas and his wife are on one of the side porches.

"Being kept busy almost every minute of the day Tommy believes in having a comfortable home to which he can retire each night. Everywhere are deep, comfortable leather or plush lounges and arm-chairs into which he can sink and joyfully read or smoke. Off in one corner of the living room is a phonograph with a cabinet that is stacked with all sorts of records from jazz to Rachmaninoff. If, after an extremely busy day at the studio, Tommy comes home feeling a bit tired, Mrs. Tommy promptly places a lively record on the victrola and Tommy "peps" up immediately. Incidentally, Mr. Meighan is a firm believer in music as a valuable adjunct in helping actors and actresses properly 'emote.'

"The wonderful gardens we are now approaching belong to the sublimated bungalow in their center. 'Tis none other than the home of Milton Sills, about whom many fair young things are crazy. They wouldn't be so crazy, perhaps, if they knew that Mr. Sills not only has a perfectly good wife, but also an eight-year-old daughter, named Dorothy.

"Mr. Sills used to be a college professor, before he became a leading man, sometimes in real sweet roles, and sometimes in the virile, red-blooded, he-man stuff, doing each to a fare-ye-well. Having been a pedagogue, Mr. Sills naturally has a wonderful library in his home. In addition he has just about every other comfort that a highly developed taste, plus a bigger salary than that paid President Harding can buy. But his chief delight is in his garden. Note the fountains, Ladies and Gents, note the fountains—and the shrubbery surrounding them. Those well known hanging gardens of Babylon had mighty little on our Milton.

"And now we come to another garden, less tropical, perhaps, and laid out more 'according to Hoyle,' as it were, than that of Mr. Sills, but pretty nifty at that. This garden, and the home it goes with, ladies and gentlemen, belongs to Miss Gloria Swanson. Probably you all thought Miss Swanson was too young to have a great big home of her own. As a matter of fact she has a husband, and a baby with it.

"The inside of Miss Swanson's home looks just like you'd expect the living place of such a dainty little person to look. Big "comfy" chairs, and soft divans, and fluffy pillows.

"Gloria, however, like her neighbor, Tom Meighan, spends a lot of time in her garden. And about the only thing that can make her lose her temper is for a bug to get on one of her plants.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, we approach the end of our trip. You have seen the homes, and bits of intimate life of some of the most popular stars in filmdom. I wish I could have taken you through the interior of all of these homes. However, that cannot be.

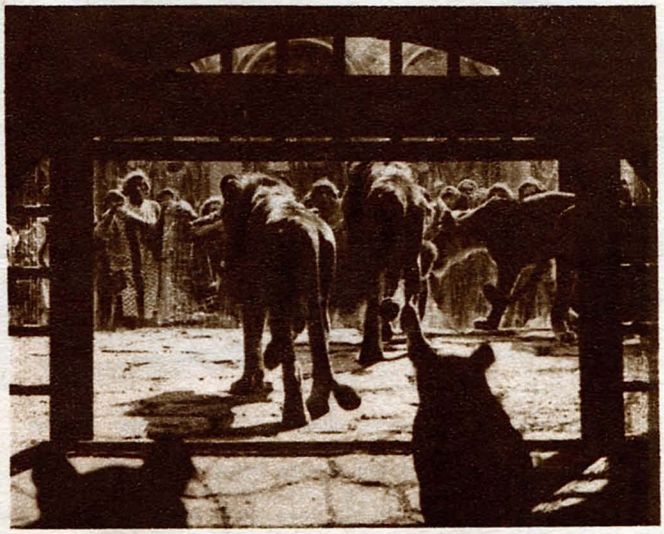
"All out—and step lively, please!"

THEODORA THE

* * *

Becoming all-powerful at the Court of Byzantium and unable to forget her past, Theodora would often indulge in plebeian orgies. On one of her amorous jaunts she met and fell desperately in love with the handsome and rich Andreas, a Greek. Assuming the name Mytra, she became his sweetheart. Andreas, however, with several of his friends, conspired against Justinian who was generally despised because of his affection for his tyrannical, dissolute wife.

On the eve of the day when the plot was to culminate, Andreas, in love with the supposed Mytra, divulges his secret to her.



Theodora, accused by her husband of being a wanton and of sullying the royal purple, tries to appease the Emperor's anger by telling him of the plot against his life. That very night, Andreas and his friend Marcellus make the attack. Marcellus is arrested, and Andreas himself barely escapes with his life.

A quizzical public (the nasty H. G. Mencken spells it "boobbic") tolerantly reads and listens to tales of gaudy expenditures on motion picture productions, reading off figures that would have made the late Mr. Midas look like a piker, and then go to see the glitteringly-advertised photoplays and forget all about the press agent cost.

But out of Italy comes the newest super-film designed to startle the play-going world with its Latin press gentlemen, claiming for it a cost of more than fifteen million lire. This, in real money, is something like three million real dollars.

And for once—only, it really looks as though these same Latin press gentlemen may be telling an approximation of the truth. Judging from advance photographs and available data (the film has yet to be exhibited here), the new cinema wonder is a sure enough wonder, rivalling such productions as the mighty "Cabiria" of a few years gone.

The new celluloid marvel is "Theodora," from the famous play by Victorien Sardou, who founded his classic largely on the history of the early Roman empire. Sarah Bernhardt did some of her greatest work in the stage interpretation of the role of the wanton-empress, Theodora. On the films she will be portrayed by Rita Jolivet.

The Goldwyn corporation has taken the picture for distribution in the United States.

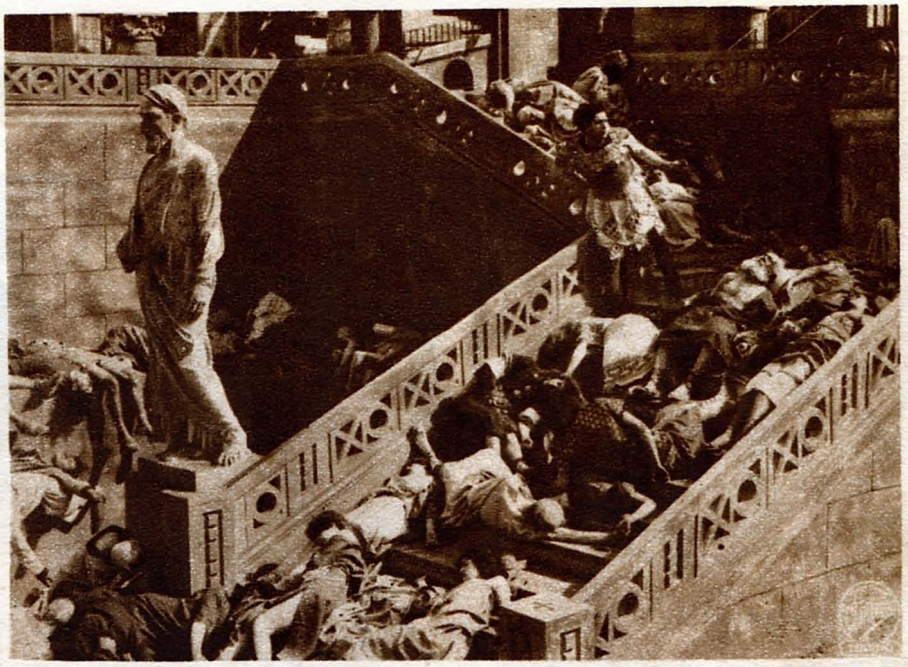
"Theodora" was two years in the making, and (we quote the above mentioned Latin Press gentlemen) "represents the pinnacle of achievement in Italian film production." The cast contains more than 10,000 people, and the great field of Italian art was combed to contribute to the picturization. All of the sets were designed and built by Brazzini, architect to the Vatican, who constructed more than twenty gigantic sets on the lake of Albano near Rome. More than 2,000 people were employed in building the immense sets. Forty lions were used in a giant arena scene for what is unquestionably one of the most spectacularly thrilling incidents in pictures. The giant production is announced as marvelous in its every detail.

PANTOMIME presents the scenario synopsis of "Theodora" the first time in this country:

Theodora was the daughter of Acacios, keeper of wild animals in the Circus at the Hippodrome of Byzantium, as Constantinople was called as the capital of the Roman Empire. When very young, it had been predicted that she would some day wear the Imperial Crown; and, in fact, after an adventurous career in which she had been circus dancer, actress, flower girl and daughter of pleasure on the Island of Cyprus, she had succeeded in having the young patrician, Justinian, heir to the throne, marry her. Justinian in time became Emperor.

WANTON

* * *



Threatened with torture, Marcellus is about to reveal his accomplice's name, but Theodora kills him.

This murder increases the mob's anger. Though his mistress' real name is still unknown to him, Andreas is convinced that she is a spy and swears that he will avenge his friend's death by killing the Emperor and his dissolute spouse. The conspirators go to the Hippodrome, where Justinian attends the royal games.

As the angry mob faces the Emperor, the Empress Theodora appears, and Andreas recognizes in this hated tyrant Mytra, the supposed flower girl. He denounces her, whereupon the guards bring him before the Emperor. He is sentenced to execution when Theodora, to divert the attention from her lover in the hope that he might escape, whispers to one of her attendants to let the lions loose into the arena. The shocked and terrified servant hastens to obey, and in a moment forty lions come springing from their cages into the great arena which is packed with many thousand people. A riot of stupendous proportions begins, and the carnage is appalling. The people climb balustrades to escape from the lions. One venturesome lion actually makes a terrific leap and catches itself upon the balustrade, from which it leaps upon the very rostrum where Andreas, the prisoner, is bound up to a great pillar and left alone to his fate.

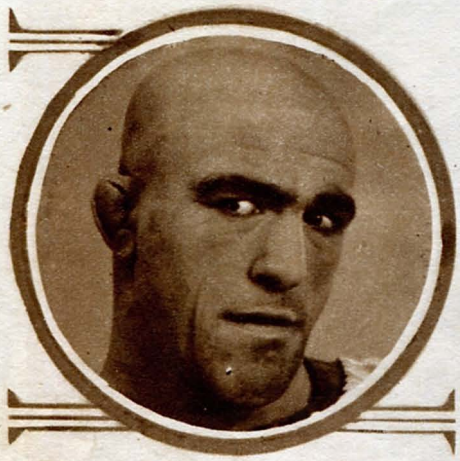
Tamyris, the foster mother of Theodora, a woman who had been trained among the animals all her life, and who is a lion tamer as well as possessing occult powers, intervenes and manages to drive away the lion in time to save the life of Andreas.

The soldiers vanquish the lions, but the revolution against Justinian breaks out afresh. Seeking shelter in the Sacred Palace, he would run away from his foe, but Theodora proudly urges him to stay and fight, saying it were better to die than be a coward, and that the royal purple will make a fair winding-sheet. Proud of her beauty and courage, and hailed by generals who vow to fight for her until death, they face the populace now holding the Hippodrome.

The generals finally quell the riot, but Andreas is wounded in the fight and is brought by his friends to the home of Tamyris, the old witch. Theodora, who had gone to the witch to secure a love philter that would enable her to regain the love of Justinian, comes face to face with her lover, who curses her. Sure of the power of her love philter, Theodora bids her lover to drink it, as she cares more for his love than for either throne or Emperor. Unfortunately, the supposed love philter was really a deadly poison concocted by the witch to kill the Emperor, who had sentenced her son, Amru, to death. Andreas died amidst horrible sufferings, refusing to forgive Theodora. In the mean time, Justinian, having conclusive proofs of his wife's infidelity, bids the executioner kill her, and when the hangman appears, Theodora, in tears and prostrate over her lover's dead body, offers her beautiful neck for the rope that will soon strangle her. She dies without a murmur, calling her dead lover's name.

Conrad Nagel and Jack Mower have been chosen by Cecil B. DeMille to play the leading male roles in his next special production for Paramount, "Saturday Night," in which Leatrice Joy and Edith Roberts will have the feminine leads. Mr. DeMille, following his usual custom, is now at Santa Barbara, far from the madding studio crowds, studying alone the original story and scenario by Jeanie Macpherson and planning the details of the production.

The Ugliest Man in the Movies



Modest, but not shy or shrinking

He imitates Rodin's "Thinker"

Yes, it's "Bull" in a make-up of his own creation

FIRST prize of one set of beautifully hand-wrought dumbells goes to "Bull" Montana as the homeliest man in motion pictures.

There is no argument. He wins without question. He hasn't a competitor within sight when it comes to simon pure and unadulterated homeliness. He doesn't even come within the definition of the laconic Arkansas native who, commenting on his eldest son, said: "He's jest plain plain."

No, "Bull" is not "plain;" he's so ugly he is fascinating. Whenever a casting director in Hollywood has need of a character with an appearance that is just within the law, he sends for "Bull" Montana.

Montana, who is an Italian (his name is not Montana nor any other state), was, and is, a professional wrestler and a garden variety of boxer. Up to a couple of years ago he fought and wrestled his way to his food. Now he holds his face before a camera and receives in return the wherewithal to feed it. When he feels the need of recreation he permits some 200-pound professional wrestler to toy with his person in some public ring.

The Caliban-faced Italian used to be one of many "extras" who picked up an uncertain weekly wage in the various studios on the West Coast. One day a casting director needed a specimen of bankrupt humanity and happened to notice the top of "Bull's" head. His eyes went to the mangled cauliflower ears, one of the prizes of the wrestling ring, then traveled over the blunt nose, the shapeless mouth, the unshaven jaws, the bull-like neck. And "Bull" left the ranks of the "extras" to play roles of more or less importance.

He has made literally true the saying "his face is his fortune," for it is to his homeliness entirely that he owes his success as a cinema character. He has had a number of quite important roles with various stars and companies, and his services are very much in demand in Studioland.

The nearest he ever got to Cupid

The picture in character, showing Montana as a horrible creature, was his own creation. Marshall Neilan was preparing to film his newspaper thriller, "Go and Get It," and was in despair for want of an actor to impersonate the ape-man who plays an important part in the story. And his eyes fell upon Montana. He explained his dilemma to the wrestler. "Leave it to me," "Bull" announced, and went into retirement for several days.

When he reappeared on the "lot" he threw the other members of the company into a panic. Here was not Montana—here was a horrible ape of forbidding, revolting appearance, a veritable Frankenstein. It was indeed a wondereful characterization, a remarkable transformation. Montana has not the sensitive face of the creator, but to him must go the credit for the creation of this creature—it was the "child" of his brain.

A double set of celluloid fangs were fitted over Montana's teeth, and the flat nose of the ape and the low hanging bags of flesh under the eyes were made with putty. The contour of the body was changed, through padding, to resemble that of the ape. The ears were drawn down by silk threads fastened to them by surgeon's plaster, and an ape's wig fitted over the threads. A covering of long, coarse hair was placed over the body. The makeup completed, Montana spent two weeks in studying the apes in a nearby zoo, imitating their walk, gestures and facial contortions.

It took him three hours each day to put on and arrange his makeup.

"Bebe" Miss Daniels' Real Name

No, "Bebe" is not a "stage" name.

The little star was christened that way—and Bebe Daniels has never felt it necessary to make a change.

"Bebe" was given her by her grandmother, who, before the child's birth, had read Ouida's "Two Little Wooden Shoes," which has a "Bebe" as a leading character.

It is quite in keeping that Grandmother Griffin should have chosen such a romantic cognomen for her famous granddaughter. Mrs. Eva de la Plaza Griffin, daughter of the Governor of Colombia, South America, married the American Consul at Buenos Aires many years ago in one of the most famous international love affairs of the period.

Dressing With Corinne

This negligee of Corinne's is of Harding-blue kitten's ear satin, with a dainty square-cut collar of squirrel circling the neck. The creation is of the loose fitting type, which ties at the waist, and from there on streamers of three inch width trail becomingly. Silk hose and slippers to match, and an underslip of baby pink silk complete the negligee.

Here's a glimpse of a wrap fit only for a king, or a movie queen. It is of ermine with an elaborate shawl-effect collar. With it Corinne wears silver brocaded evening slippers, with square-shaped rhinestone buckles, and sheer-silver-gray lace stockings. On her head she wears a string of large pearls, daintily looped and worn to one side.

Styles may come, and styles may go, but the little old gingham frock, like Tennyson's brook, "goes on forever." And here Miss Griffith proves it. There isn't much to describe about this frock. When you've said it's of gingham you've pretty nearly said it all—except that a clever seamstress ought to be able to turn it out, complete in a day.

And here's a riding costume almost as simple as the gingham frock—but considerably more expensive. It is of dark brown broadcloth, built along lines to accentuate slimness, and at the same time give the wearer absolute comfort. Brown bootees, and a brown slouch hat with big crown and wide brim go with the costume.

On the right is Corinne in a stunning Russian coat-effect frock of seal-brown velour. The kimono sleeves and neck are embroidered in buff, and two-inch braid edges the hem of the dress. The frock is of the straight line model and is caught together at the waist and bottom with pearl buttons. A two-inch girdle, with hang-on buttons is fastened around the waist, and tied in front. A dainty lace vestee, white Russian kid boots and elbow length white gloves, go with the costume. The hat is a silver-gray turban, adorned with bird-of-paradise feathers. A swagger stick adds the final touch.

Big Moments in Pictures You Haven't Seen

A scene from "The Flower of the North," another James Oliver Curwood story of the great Northwest, a forthcoming Vitagraph production with several stars. Here Pauline Starke is shown in a struggle to free herself from the arms of one of the several designing villains. It is a tale of battle and thrills of that "north of 53" country.

Suspense! Mystery! Thrills! Yes, that's what one expects when one sees the name of Priscilla Dean. And that's just what one gets in "Conflict," her new Universal-Jewel picture from a story by Clarence Buddington Kellame. It was made in the Northwest country, and has the usual Priscilla Dean whirlwind pace. Herbert Rawlinson has the leading male role.

Here's a Western film that will chase chills up and down the back. Incidentally, it's "Hoot" Gibson's first five-reel feature for Universal and is called "Sure Fire." It was filmed from the story "Bransford of Rainbow Ridge," by Eugene Manlove Rhodes. The unmasking shown here isn't a whisper compared to the unmasking that the cowboy star gets away with in the last reel.

Here, on the left, are Helene Chadwick and good-looking Richard Dix, leading players in "The Sin Flood," which Goldwyn has made into a super-production from the stage play, "The Deluge." It is a tremendous story of regeneration through fear—and a relapse! A remarkable psychological study. The unusually good cast includes James Kirkwood.

Senator Hiram Johnson won fame and votes once by decreeing that "a man must eat." Now comes George Loane Tucker's last photodrama, "Ladies Must Live," from Alice Duer Miller's story. It's a Paramount picture and Betty Compson is the star. Here the slight hero is seen struggling with the caveman gentleman of the whiskers, who has designs on the crouching Miss Compson.

Harry Carey gives friend enemy a neat drubbing on the edge of 1,000 feet of nothing in this scene from "The Fox," the star's first seven-reeler Universal-Jewel production. "The Fox" was made in the Mojave desert, near the famous Painted Rocks, and two troops of honest-to-goodness U. S. cavalrymen were used as members of the cast.

"The Lure of Jade," a new Robertson-Cole production, is a story of the South Seas, with the splendid Pauline Frederick in another powerful role of the type that made her famous. Here she has found some of her guests at Sea Gull Inn, her South Sea Island resort, cheating at cards. The camera caught her just before she pointed to the door and remarked: "This way out."

Here's a peck o' trouble, with Hobart Bosworth, as usual, engineering it. It is a drop from "The Cup of Life," a Thomas H. Ince production. Tully Marshall is the Chinese gentleman who looks so unhappy, and Madge Bellamy is crouching at his feet as his adopted daughter. Bosworth, a pearl fisher, wants the girl. Niles Welch, who has the role of his son, has something to say about that.

The young woman with her hands full (one is full of shirt and the other is filled with mouth and whiskers) is Alice Calhoun, new Vitagraph star. This is from her latest picture, "Rainbow," but things don't seem very rosy for her right now. It's a story of a girl, a mine, three old men, some villains and a hero, chock full of heart interest and a fair share of comedy.

Enter Ability and Years

By Donna Risher

Vera Gordon — Kate Toncray — Lillian Rambeau

YOUTH and beauty are no longer necessary for screen success.

Gray hair, wrinkles and even faces that are "hard to look at" have come into their own in filmdom. Motion picture fans have discovered that beauty is only "screen deep." They are demanding that the motion picture actor or actress put something more into their characterizations besides good looks, fine clothes and curly hair.

The screen artist who puts individuality and personality into the character to be portrayed on the screen is the artist who is "going big" today, according to leading directors.

Time was in the early days when mothers were not much in demand. The women who played mother roles were seldom heard of. They were needed in the studios, of course, but no particular attention. not even good salaries, was paid them.

The role of aunt, mother, wife, boarding house "missus" and any part which called for a woman over twenty-five years was considered to be minor and to be shunned by those aiming at stardom.

But look at them today!

They are drawing more money to the box offices than most of the stars over whose beauty we used to rave. The whole world has awakened to the fact that mother-love or wife-love is a pretty good invention after all and more attention is being paid to it.

Take, for instance, Kate Toncray and Mrs. Lillian Rambeau who are appearing in "Mam'selle Jo," an R-C picture release adapted from the book of the same name by Harriet Comstock.

Kate Toncray's plain, strong face has been her biggest asset.

For nine long years she has played aunt and mother parts in nearly all of D. W. Griffith's pictures. After a successful stage career she entered pictures in the old days with Biograph. Not once in that time has she been enhanced with frills and furbelows. Real characterization combined with appealing personality have put Kate Toncray "over." A "sweet sixteen" face and a slim, athletic figure did not enter into her success, at all.

Mrs. Lillian Rambeau, mother of the stage and screen star, Marjorie Rambeau, has found her beautiful gray hair, her dignified motherly style and her natural ability as an artist, contributory factors in her success. She has reached that milestone in life known as "middle-age." Yet the very fact that she is middle-aged has helped her on to a successful career.

Vera Gordon cannot be left unconsidered in a discussion of the women of more mature age who have achieved enviable positions among screen stars. Her memorable performance of the part of Mamma Kantor in "Humoresque" brought her to immediate and nation-wide fame, and elevated her to stardom. Her lack of youth and beauty in the sense of the ingenue was no drawback there to a splendid bit of acting and characterization. In "Humoresque" she contributed to the screen a lasting bit of artistry that will outlive dozens of productions by dozens of stars with ample quantities of both youth and beauty.

Many other women could be named in this list, notably, Mary Carr, who gave such a splendid characterization of the mother in "Over the Hill," but these provide ample testimony on the side of ability and years, as against youth and beauty.

And while we do not decry the advantage of youth and beauty—everybody admits they are wonderful things—we know that age, gray hair and wrinkles have come into their own on the screen.

* * *

Clothes don't make the Girl

"You can't judge either a woman or a tree by their bark," says Cecil B. DeMille. "Too many of us are apt to turn up our noses at people whose dress and manners are not quiteof the mode.

"Here's one woman of wonderful and coldly premeditated beauty but with a soul devoid of depth. Here's another, more or less uncouth, but possessed of that wonderous glowing warmth that expresses femininity in its most glorious phase.

"Then there's a man, just like thousands and thousands you see every day, who is caught by the sheen of silk stockings. He is infatuated by the woman of gorgeous gowns. He loses his sight—and happiness comes when a girl he had spurned mimics the colder beauty."

By Corinne Griffith

Some Advice

DAY after day, in practically every mail I get letters enclosing photographs, from screen admirers asking me what future the films hold for them.

Surely, they cannot all be stars, and I consider it in the light of a duty to discuss various truths concerning going into pictures.

In my different companies many "extras," hired by the day, are cast. Many are new to pictures, while others are "picture wise." And now for the truth:

Most of them average only two days of work a week; the rest of the time they are at the studios waiting "on production."

What is the result? So few of them are fitted for real screen success that they are wasting valuable time. Working on a average of but two days a week breeds laziness, and thus many a potential banker, expert mechanic, milliner or housewife is lost.

Of course, on the other hand, many of our stars and well-paid screen players have sprung from the "extra" army. But let me repeat, they are the exception. Surely, you can see how difficult it is for me to advise you under such circumstances. Had I not your welfare at heart I would simply say to all of you who ask my advice that it is quite easy to gain a position in the silent drama. But since such is most certainly not the case, I feel it is a duty to tell you all that it would be very wise for you to consider, not the possible glory, but the certain disadvantages.

Figures prove that hundreds never get above the "extra" class, remaining in pictures because they have lost their grip on the workaday world. They earn a mere pittance.

It is not simply a matter of walking in front of a camera. To achieve success means many days of hard work. Prettiness does not make a motion picture actress. Of course, beauty helps. But talent is necessary above all things.

If you simply must go into the movies, and are properly located geographically, why not try one of the many other departments of the industry? There are many openings in the clerical and manufacturing departments, and motion pictures offer a fine career to men and girls alike who wish to follow a career of business.

Those so located that employment with a picture company would necessitate leaving home had better consider seriously. Don't give up a good job for one you may be unable to fill unless you feel within you an ambition that will not be denied. Then lay your plans carefuly so that you have something laid aside while you wait for something to break one way or the other. Above all else, be prepared for real work and hard study.

WHAT'S ON THE WAY

EDITOR'S NOTE—*The following announcements deal with photo-plays not released on the screen at the time this issue of Pantomime goes to press. The very brief sketches of the action of the plays are gotten from the scenarios. The ultimate pictures may be either good, bad or indifferent. Pantomime can't say, because Pantomime doesn't know—yet. Neither does anybody else—not even the directors. The accompanying "thumbnail" sketches are of the stars of each production.*

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE—Jean Paige is the pretty star in this new Vitagraph production which was filmed from a widely-read story by Vaughn Kester. It is announced for early release.

THEODORA—A super-film of marvelous sets, made in Italy and distributed by Goldwyn. A story of Constantinople in the fifth century, from the novel by Victorien Sardou. One of Sarah Bernhardt's great stage triumphs. It was two years in the making; there are 30,000 people in various scenes, and the sets are an artistic achievement designed by the architect of the Vatican. Rita Jolivet is starred as the Empress Theodora.

THE SIN FLOOD—James Kirkwood has a big role in this Goldwyn production of the famous "Syndafloden," which was produced on the New York stage by Arthur Hopkins under the name of "The Deluge." The remarkable cast includes Helene Chadwick (the only woman in the piece), Ralph Lewis, Richard Dix and William Orlamond.

RAINBOW—A Vitagraph production featuring lovely Alice Calhoun. The new Vitagraph star has been given a fast-moving story of the great out-of-doors and an unusually capable cast to help interpret it for the screen. Full of thrills, of course. Also sentiment.

LADIES MUST LIVE—George Loane Tucker's last production for Paramount. Betty Compson is starred in a story based on the age-old attempt to sell the affections of women to undesirable, though wealthy, men. Many seek the hand of the fair Betty before the desirable climax is attained. Mahlon Hamilton plays opposite the star.

The Rage of Paris

PRETTY Joan Coolidge had always been spoiled. "Nothing matters but me," she would say. And her mother, widowed, very wealthy, very idle, utterly selfish, and utterly vapid, encouraged that attitude.

Mrs. Coolidge knew nothing of business, and boasted of the fact. "Really," she would drawl, "I leave all that to my solicitors."

And it was true—to her sorrow. For one day, she awoke to find most of her fortune swept away.

For a time she despaired. It was a purely selfish despair, but it was real. Then she smiled to herself. There was a way out—Joan. For though wealth was gone, her social position remained, and Joan was an acknowledged beauty. It was all perfectly simple. Joan should marry millions.

Now Joan, for all that she was spoiled, had one true affection.

That was for Gordon Talbut, a young mining engineer, with no capital, except ability. Hard on the news of the wiping out of the Coolidge fortune came an offer to young Talbut of a big mining position on the Arabian desert.

"It's my big chance," he told Joan, that night. "Marry me and go with me, dear."

Joan hesitated, barely a second. Then: "I will if Mother will let me."

But Mother would not. "My daughter marry that nobody," she shrilled. "I should say not!"

So Joan and Talbut parted, he to go to adventure in Arabia, and Joan to the listless languor of New York social life. From that moment on, men came to speak of Joan as "the ice maiden."

And her very indifference to men attracted them; in particular one Mortimer Handley, a rich roue. Assiduously he paid court, and finally, urged on by her mother, Joan yielded, and they were married.

The thrill of the unknown ceased to interest Handley after he had maried Joan, and soon he returned to his own ribald set; while Jean pined away in neglect. Casting about for something to do with herself, she finally began to study dancing, and in her instructor's studio she met Madame Courtigny, a famous old French-woman. Soon they were friends.

"Cherie, you are wasting your youth," the Frenchwoman told her one day. "Leave all this sordidness behind, and come with me to Paris—to life—and love!!"

That same afternoon her husband brought his drunken mistress into his home, and forced Joan to meet her.

It was more than Joan could bear. That night she joined Madame Courtigny, and next day they sailed for France. Handley left for Scotland soon after.

In Paris, Madame Courtigny's salon was thronged with fashionables come to pay homage to Joan, now known as Senorita Torres, a dancer. Men went mad about her, but she held herself aloof from all.

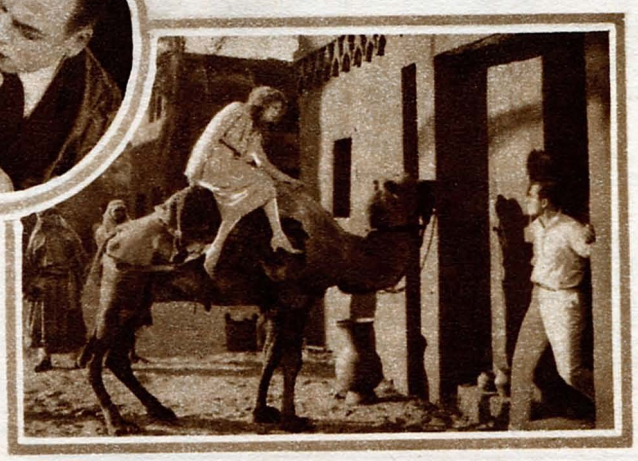
M. Dubet, a famed painter, was one of those in love with the dancer. In his infatuation he painted a marvellous picture of her, in her peacock feather costume. Eventually the portrait was hung in a public gallery—and there, Gordon Talbut, in Paris on a brief business trip, saw it.

Day after day after that he haunted the gallery, and finally he and Joan met. When he went back to Arabia, a few days later, Joan went with him.

In the meantime Handley had gotten trace of his wife's whereabouts, and followed her.

Under the desert stars Joan and Gordon talked of love. But Gordon was too big a man not to realize Joan was not his, and so, with heavy heart he tucked her in the little automobile he used for transportation, and sent her back across the desert.

In the middle of the lonely expanse of sand, a tire blew out, and before it could be fixed, there came a terrific sand-storm. Joan was all but unconscious when Handley rode through the howling wind on a camel.



Then followed a brief battle between Handley and himself. He knew only one life could be saved—and in the end, he determined to redeem himself for his past. Tenderly he lifted the prostrate form of Joan across the camel's back and the beast started for the nearest town.

Behind, his head half buried in drifting sand, lay an inanimate body—Mortimer Handley, triumphant in death.

Back in the little town of the desert, Gordon learned the truth from Joan. Arm in arm they walked that night together, under the desert stars.

Film Plus Sermon

The relationship between motion pictures and the church and the value of the good photoplay vehicle as a moral agency, were demonstrated in an interesting way, recently, when the pastor of the First Congregational Church in Los Angeles preached his Sunday sermon.

The minister based his sermon on the theme of Thomas Meighan's recent starring vehicle, "The City of Silent Men."

The picture was first exhibited on the screen before the congregation and following the showing the sermon was delivered.

In the Wrong Harem

A pathetic looking Bedouin attired in a flowing bournouse and turban came up to the studio manager at the Paramount Western studio and in broken English said:

"I can't find the right harem."

It was during the filming of "The Sheik" and it so happened another film being made on a different stage also boasted a harem scene.

"I went there," said the Bedouin pointing to the other scene, "and they told me to get out. I said to the man—'I am in the harem scene.' 'Not in my harem,' he answered, and told me to 'beat it.'"

He was directed to the proper set.

Just Kids!

Two crowns of glory. Billie Cotton has glorious hair which should soon wind itself about the hearts of many gay young blades, but her doll has also got something to boast about in the matter of hirsutic adornment. Billie is as clever as she is charming, too, and that's saying a great deal. All who agree say "aye." There are no "noes!"

Gang 'way! Success as one of the screen's leading juvenile commediennes (she plays opposite Johnny Jones in Booth Tarkington's "Edgar" comedies) has not spoiled charming Lucille Ricksen, who is shown here taking Robert De Vilbiss on a joy ride. Robert may be young, but his smile denotes his appreciation of the joys of speeding with an attractive girl.

Looks like a painting by Velasquez, doesn't it? But it's only an informal portrait study of little Jeanette Trebaol, the thirteenth child of a Los Angeles mother who has all of her children in the movies! Jeanette will be seen shortly in a new Will Rogers picture. Her twelve sisters and brothers are appearing in other Goldwyn pictures. Jeanette doesn't believe that 13 is an unlucky number.

House Peters evidently believes in taking 'em young, treating 'em rough, telling 'em nothing and making 'em like it. Here he is luring a girl just out of the cradle from the arms of her screen mother (Irene Rich) with a bottle, a cigar and a reckless smile. Irene Rich is so engrossed in Director Frank Lloyd's interpretation of the script of Charles Kenyon's photodrama, "The Invisible Power," that she can't be bothered with giving her charge proper attention and protection. The child is positively the youngest actor on the screen. Age? Three months!

The yellow peril! Here is an apt illustration of that jingo phrase. It's the director, Paul Bern, that's imperilled, not to mention the banana that is the main center of attraction. Bern was making a scene in "The Man With Two Mothers" in the poor quarter of Los Angeles when the bell rang for luncheon. There was one banana left and the director decided to give it to some child. He had no trouble getting rid of it. Note the influx of young Nippon, you who decry the West Coast aversion to Japanese.

The Light and Dark of it

By Walter Bodin

Ann Forrest

TIME was when blondes were a mighty scarce article on the screen. Light femininity loomed conspicuously because of its scarcity in the land of shadows.

Then, again, time was when the blondes came on with a rush and brunettes began to worry about their dark futures.

But now, what with the modern inventions on the technical side of the movies, it's about a fifty-fifty proposition, with about as many blonde stars as there are brunettes. In fact, one may go to the cinema theatre, as they say in that dear England, every night in the week and find stars of as many different complexions as there are days.

In the early days of picture productions, directors wouldn't look at a blonde during working hours. That was because they didn't register well or screen properly. The brunettes seemed to have everything their way. But a short time later blonde stock soared and there was an invasion of yellow hair that made the dark-haired ladies extremely dubious as to whether or not a director would ever again choose a brunette for an important role.

The cause of the blonde ascendancy was the coming into use of the spotlight, which permitted illumination of the hair. The spotlight for years has been centered on many famous blonde heads and for a time

Myrtle Stedman

the brunettes began to think, "the blondes have it."

But if you have been following the screen closely, you will notice that the brunettes are again doing nicely, thank you.

During the time the blondes were in vogue it was necessary, and still is, for many of them to darken eyelashes and eyebrows as much as possible in order to make their features register properly. Otherwise light brows and lashes, combined with light eyes and hair, tended to give the actress an insipid expression on the screen.

Today there are comparatively few blonde stars whose names are reckoned among the first constellation. Mary Pickford, Ethel Clayton, Lillian Gish, Katherine MacDonald and Mildred Harris are blondes and each has an enormous following and always will have, as long as she remains on the screen. Of these five Miss Gish is possibly the lightest haired of all. Miss MacDonald and Miss Harris are golden blondes, though their hair registers dark fully half the time.

Matched against these blondes can be mentioned such brunette stars as Clara Kimball Young, Pauline Frederick, Alla Nazimova, Dorothy Phillips, Gloria Swanson, Louise Glaum, Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Marjorie Daw, Shirley Mason, Betty Blythe, Olga Petrova, Florence Vidor, Alice Joyce, Dorothy Dalton, Bebe Daniels and Fritzi Brunette (how appropriate, that last!)

Kathryn Williams

Anna Q. Nilsson

Mildred Harris

Hope for the Blondes

Pauline Frederick

Among the leading women and younger blonde stars are Anna Q. Nillson, Mary Miles Minter, Mae Murray, Wanda Hawley, Myrtle Stedman, Kathryn Williams, Mildred Harris, not to mention captivating Ann Forrest who has been doing such unusually excellent work of late. Brunette leads and younger stars include Viola Dana, Priscilla Dean, Marguerite De La Motte, Colleen Moore, Alice Lake, Betty Compson, Lois Wilson and Lila Lee.

The best way for a screen fan to determine his, or her, likes and dislikes is to run through the above lists of blondes and brunettes and try to determine whether the light or the dark favorites predominate.

It can be determined at a glance that the brunettes are playing the heaviest dramatic roles, and the blondes incline to comedy and roles that do not require so much emotion.

Still, this doesn't prove anything in particular, for the tastes of fans vary. Where some demand blondes, others are equally anxious to see the interpretations of brunettes, As a usual thing people are partial to some special color of the screen, and these same people like to see their favorite shade of hair in pictures.

Directors of today do not bother themselves about a screen candidate's coloring. They merely want to be sure the prospective actress "registers" well—that is, that she makes a good appearance on the film after she has been put through certain tests before the camera.

In these days of remarkable lighting and equally remarkable complexion aids, it's no trick at all to provide the proper coloring for any screen character, in any setting or condition.

Fritzi Brunette

It is surprising how many girls there are who cannot get into the "movies." Beautiful girls, too! Girls who know how to wear clothes, and have the clothes to wear. They just simply won't "register" properly before the camera.

In a newspaper contest conducted a few years ago in a Western city the writer, with bait of several picture positions as lure, had literally thousands of girls entered in the competition for three positions. At the conclusion of the contest, expert cameramen, directors, and men proficient in the art and technique of make-up, were engaged to give the girls selected as possible winners the necessary tests. The work of "examination" was done under the most favorable conditions, under a perfect California sky, with the natural light just right for the experiment. Each girl was given an equal trial. There were many handsome possibilities in that list, and it was a difficult matter for the judges to choose three winners.

Lila Lee

Of all those truly good-looking women, there was but one who "screened" properly, as the completed test film finally revealed.

So, to get back to blondes and brunettes: It looks like a pretty even proposition, doesn't it, with both sides going strong!

Here are a couple of pages, one devoted to fair haired ladies and the other to the dusky hued of the more deadly of the species.

Look 'em over and say which is best.

Shirley Mason

Marjorie Daw

The Voice of Alla!

ALLA NAZIMOVA — Alla the magnificent, the superb—is living up to tradition; she is preparing to return to her first love, the stage.

The great Russian actress can no longer resist the lure of the boards on which she emoted herself to fame, and the voice of Alla will soon again be heard in the land.

But before she leaves the precincts of the voiceless drama, the slender artist of the beautiful postures and splendid acting, will make one more picture. And, inasmuch as she is paying for it herself, she will make just what she wishes to make.

Nazimova is even now engaged in introducing Henrik Ibsen into the movies!

She has begun work in the filming of "A Doll's House," considered to be Ibsen's best dramatic effort. For years Nazimova has wanted to see herself in celluloid as the heroine of the pieces in which she won enduring artistic fame before the footlights. But the demands of motion picture production, being concerned with the financial as well as the artistic end of the business, do not place art first. Stories were chosen for Nazimova because of their "movie" appeal, and not for any artistic possibilities they might have. That is, artistic in the sense that an inherent and true artist like Nazimova is artistic.

Nazimova is a greater worker, and, by the same token, she is a great player. Very fond of pets, she is here shown with two of her fox terriers as she is about to leave for a little small-game hunting expedition in the hills behind her Hollywood home.

One of the little actress' great diversions is small-game hunting. Very often does she hit the trail over the hills surrounding Hollywood, dressed in a garb both becoming and free of hampering parts. She is an enthusiastic Diana of the chase.

Just behind her magnificent home at Hollywood the Russian actress has a big swimming pool in which she disports herself daily when at home, for the California climate (this is not Los Angeles propaganda) permits of all-the-year-round outdoor bathing. The star was here caught in an informal play moment, disporting with an inflated rubber star.

But now that the Russian emotional star has completed her contracts with Metro—"Camille" was her last picture for the Metro people—she has returned to Hollywood, assembled a company and has begun the making of the Ibsen drama. She declares it will be her last cinema effort, for the present, having already arranged her return to the stage upon the completion of the drama now in the making.

The stage return—it will be made in New York—will feature the temperamental star in an Ibsen revival, and in a number of one-act plays in which the superb Nazimova will have strong emotional roles.

There are many followers of the screen Nazimova. They will, of course, be sorry to read that the splendid actress has hearkened to the call of the speaking stage, her first love, and most necessarily desert the land of shadows. But it's a long road, etc. There are also vast numbers of lovers of the splendid Nazimova of the stage, and they will hail with acclaim the decision of the tragedienne to use again her splendid voice in the interpretation of modern drama. There are too few first calibre exponents of the newer (and to many,) better dramas of the day, and the loss of the cinema patrons in the desertion of the Russian is most certainly the rich gain of the worshipers at the shrine of the footlights.

The voice of Alla will be abroad in the land shortly after the first of the coming year.

Raymond "Eggsagerates"

Raymond Hatton, comedian and character man, had a rest period between scenes the other day, so he scratched around the Goldwyn lot at Culver City, California, until he found an egg. You know—an egg, garden variety. Here he is as he sneaked 'round the corner of an outhouse with the precious fruit held tenderly out of harm's way.

O-o-oh! A narrow escape! Just as the playful Raymond thought he was getting away with it some one (probably the owner of the precious layer of the egg) saw him. And the nimble-fingered Mr. Hatton deftly switched the pilfered treasure into a recess between his right arm and the body, leaving his hands free for inspection. Clever chap!

Saved! Got away with it! That's obviously what he's thinking now that the egg's owner is out of sight. He is rather brazenly displaying his ill-gotten treasure and his smile does not bespeak repentance. But. never mind, there's always a calm before a storm.

Suspicion! Raymond becomes perturbed with the thought that all may not be sweet-smelling in sunny California. Note the left shoulder and the position of the left arm. It is plain to be seen Raymond shrinks from a forthcoming ordeal. There are darn few men who care to question the integrity of an egg.

He is undone! The egg is all that he suspected—and more. He has crushed it to find that it is good. Yes, good and rotten! And his rosy expectations have certainly been well scrambled. What would you call Raymond? An eggocentric comedian or a ham actor?

Real Reel Romances

THIRTEEN years married and five of them in motion pictures!

This is the experience of Hugo and Mabel Ballin — only one of many such experiences that go to refute the all too prevalent impression that all personable men and women in pictures are potential bigamists and bacchanalians.

The make-believe world reflected back to us from the screen has done more than anything else to foster the popular and, to many, glamorous belief that our motion picture heroines are not flesh and blood as we are. It is a pretty generally accepted fiction that the private lives of these semi-public characters are as giddy and irresponsible as their pictured fancies.

But the Hugo and Mabel Ballins are a numerous company, who prove this to be base libel. The romances and private lives of the majority of the public favorites are just as real and genuine as the romances and private lives of all the generations of history.

Hugo and Mabel Ballin married at a time when neither thought motion pictures would one day become a mutual occupation. Hugo Ballin was a member of a conservative New York family, a mural painter and portraitist who later won his way to international attention. Mabel Croft was an actress who had played in musical comedy. At marriage, Mabel Ballin left the stage, the while her husband painted his way to fame and fortune. Then, five years ago, her artist-husband forsook painting to create settings for Goldwyn pictures, the first recognized artist to lend his talents to this work. Then came the next step. He organized his own company with his wife as principal player. And there you are: they are successfully married, successfully friendly, successfully artistic.

Here's another good case in point—Dorothy Phillips and Allen Holubar, the wife a First National star, and her actor-husband her director. Dorothy Phillips is from Baltimore (one of a family of thirteen!), where she graduated from a convent to the stage, and into the arms of Mr. Holubar, then a struggling young actor. They were married in New Jersey eight years ago, and they're still having their breakfasts together.

Marriages come and go, but not in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, the Robertson-Cole stars, who have a beautiful home in Hollywood, where they entertain lavishly. They've been married seven years, and still going strong. The wife (Tsuri Aoki) is a star in her own name, and often appears opposite her distinguished husband.

Enid Bennett figures in this list, also. The demure Australian star is the wife of Fred Niblo, the Paramount director. Niblo also directs his pretty wife. It was Niblo who "made" Miss Bennett. He found her on the Australian stage and it was he who induced her to come to the United States to star before the camera. They were married shortly after the fair Enid arrived in this country.

They Don't all Get Divorced

Of more recent marriages two notable ones are those of Renee Adoree to the genial Tom Moore and Mary Hay to that paragon of screen lovers (and it is rumored he is a real one as well), Richard Barthelmes. Tom Moore, who is still very much on the Goldwyn payroll, fairly cut his wife out on the screen. It may be he was influenced by a name—the name of the picture he was making at the time he met her. He was producing "Made in Heaven," and perhaps the association of ideas had something to do with his popping of the question. Renee Adoree had been engaged for a rather inconspicuous role and Tom's Irish eyes were filled—and dazzled—by her. At any rate, "Made in Heaven" was barely completed when Tom and Renee gave a preacher an opportunity to repeat to them the bromide that the title suggests.

Mary Hay isn't Mary Hay at all. She was merely known as Mary Hay in pictures. Richard Barthelmes, now producing his own pictures for First National release, met her when both were members of the gigantic cast in D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East." Her name was Mary Caldwell, and she hailed from Fort Bliss, Texas. She was a prominent member of the "Sally" company. They were married a little more than a year ago, and now the fair Mary has given up the screen to devote her entire time to the domestic life. They have a beautiful home at Rye, N. Y.

One could go on with illustration to the end of time. There's the lovely Seena Owen, who has a child as well a husband, neither of whom prevent her from being a delightful actress. She's now in New York, working in a big picture for Cosmopolitan Productions. Thomas Meighan, one of the most popular of the male stars, has a wife and an honest-to-goodness home, with both of whom (or should it be "which"?) he is very much in love. Cullen Landis, that good-looking and thoroughly delightful young man you see so often in Goldwyn pictures, is a father and a husband.

James Kirkwood, another of the stars who is a veritable hero in the eyes of, oh, so many thousands, has Gertrude Robinson as his worshipping spouse, and June Elvidge, in private life, is Mrs. Captain Frank Badgley.

Ben Turpin's crossed eyes and admittedly peculiar appearance proved no bar to matrimony. Yes, he's a family man. Then there's Buster Keaton, who never smiles in pictures, reserving all his good nature for the fair Natalie Talmadge, his wife. Miriam Cooper is not only a good actress; she is a good wife. Her husband is R. A. Walsh, the big director. Mae Murray is Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard when she isn't busy being Mae Murray. Robert directs her in pictures.

There are many more just as concrete refutations of the popular libel on screen favorites. But more of them anon.

No, they don't all get divorced!

Fandom Notes

Herbert Rawlinson lives at the Los Angeles Athletic Club where he goes through a regular work-out with a trainer each morning. He recently achieved a record for long distance and short time swimming off Catalina Island, and then did a mile in twenty-five minutes just to finish off.

* * *

Jackie Coogan is seeing the wonders of Universal City. The famous kiddie star is being featured in a production for which space has been rented at the world's film capital. Irving G. Thalberg, director-general of the big studio, welcomed the little visitor, set up sodas and lolly-pops and placed the studio at his disposal.

* * *

Gus Edwards and his troupe were the guests of a barbecue given by Eddie Polo in Topango canyon, California. Polo has just completed "The Secret Four," his latest serial and the beach banquet was in the way of relaxation from the strenuous stunts which he is called upon to do before the camera.

* * *

Noah Beery, remembered for his powerful character roles in such pictures as George Melford's "The Sea Wolf," "The Red Lantern," "The Sagebrusher" and others, has been added to the cast of "The Call of the North."

* * *

The play George Loane Tucker was working on when he died, and which he had hoped would be a successor to "The Miracle Man" has been bought by Jesse L. Lasky for Thomas Meighan. It is "If You Believe It, It's So," and was written by Perley Poore Sheehan, a large number of whose stories have been produced on the screen, notably "The Whispering Chorus," which was produced by Cecil B. DeMille. Tom Forman will do the directing.

* * *

Raymond Hitchcock, film and musical comedy star, says he knows the only way to distinguish the Fairbanks Twins —Marion and Madeleine—who play twins in the "Beauty Shop."

"How do you do it?" he was asked.

"I ask them their names," he replied.

* * *

"Mr. DeMille has just finished a picture, "Fool's Paradise," from Leonard Merrick's book," The Laurels and the Lady," with a cast that includes Dorothy Dalton, Mildred Harris and Conrad Nagel, Theodore Kosloff, John Davidson and Julia Faye.

* * *

John S. Robertson, who did "Sentimental Tommy" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is now in London producing "Love's Boomerang" which will have exteriors photographed in France.

* * *

Wallace Reid, while hunting mountain lion and deer in the Big Gap country of Wyoming, shot a fine buck just before nightfall, and then lost his way in the brush. He decided to camp and finally went to sleep beside his kill. When he awoke next morning, a mountain lion had eaten every bit of the deer but hadn't touched the hunter.

Charles Meredith has been selected to play the male lead opposite Ethel Clayton in Miss Clayton's forthcoming picture, "The Cradle," upon which she is working now at the Lasky studio. "The Cradle" was written by Eugene Brieux, the famous French dramatist whose "Damaged Goods" created a sensation in this country a few years ago with Richard Bennett in the leading role.

* * *

There is a scene from Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew" in "Enchantment," Marion Davies' forthcoming starring picture, for which an entire theatre was built in the studio. "Enchantment" tells the story of a pampered society girl who believes her charms are more potent than Cleopatra's. It is at a performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" that her father conceives a plan to break her spirit.

* * *

Thomas Meighan recalls a time when John McCormack, the famous tenor, and one of his dearest friends, was singing before an immense audience.

"The crowd was enormous and the stage was filled to suffocation," says Meighan. "Ropes had been stretched to give the singer a few feet of space. In the midst of one of his songs, McCormack noticed a woman pressed against the rope and apparently in agony, unable to hold back the throng that pressed behind her. Without missing a note, he reached into his pocket, took out his knife and cut the rope! That's McCormack all over."

Questions and Answers

R. S. V. P.—Rudolph Valentino is still in his twenties. He plays the lead in "The Sheik," soon to be released. Niles Welch is 32 years old and plays opposite Elaine Hammerstein.

* * *

Patricia H.—Wallace MacDonald is to play the masculine role in "Breaking Through," a new serial just entering production.

* * *

Q. What is the latest Mary Pickford picture?—T. V. D.
A. "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

* * *

Fan.—"Vanity Fair" is Charlie Chaplain's newest picture. No, it is not an adaption of Thackeray's novel bearing that title, but a satire on the follies and whims of the ultra-wealthy. Charlie's leading lady is Edna Purviance, as always.

* * *

Champion:—Of What? I'm very interested. Marie Doro is 36 years old. Yes, George and Lucille Lee Stewart are brother and sister of the famous Anita.

* * *

Geraldine—Sylvia Breamer will play opposite Tom Moorse in "The Man With Two Mothers."

* * *

Peggy De V.:—The "S" in William S. Hart's name stands for Shakespeare. Doesn't that sound grand? Ethel Clayton is 30 years old. She was married to Joe Kaufman, who died during the "flue" epidemic. She has a son 10 years old. No, Corinne Griffith isn't her right name. Her real name is Corinne Scott. She plays in "It isn't being done this Season." We didn't think there was anything that isn't being done this season. Did you?

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